

Mark PittmanWalker (son of Ted Walker)  
Jericho, VT

First of all, I just viewed some 11 films dating back to 1929, with him doing cartwheels in the back yard, and playing in the fall leaves and snow with my dad and two brothers.

I also have a plethora of pictures of him and Katie, and have his Polaroid 95b Camera, that I used myself in college.

I have a deep attachment to Cornwall, as I spent the first nine months of my life in Dr. Walker's house, not delivered by him, but went there after my mother went into a deep state of postpartum depression. So I mostly bonded with "Gay" as we called her. Children cannot say Katie at the age of one, I presume.

I will put together some stuff for you to exhibit- meanwhile here are some thoughts that are pouring through my mind...

Things I know about "Grandaddy" --

I was told his lawn tractor driver's license was revoked after taking out all the shrubbery. He was a virtual maniac behind the wheel of any motor vehicle.

Since he was also the town coroner, it was not uncommon to discover a fresh body in the front hallway in the morning!

He was given a Steinway baby grand piano by the townspeople as a gift for his undying service to Cornwall. My dad had it until 2009, and when he passed away, left it to me. None of the remaining Walkers played or could travel to get it, so a foundation that benefits children, acquired it and I was able to hear it played in concert for the first time! I cannot remember Grandaddy playing it, mostly because I grew up in Vermont, and didn't spend the time like my cousins from Litchfield did. The piano tuner here in VT did say that it wasn't played that much- no surprise, since he was a very busy man. The person who played it in the concert said it was wonderful- got better each time he played it, and baby grands typically do not have a good 'low-end', but this one did. I fought back tears all through the concert. I wanted to hear the music. It is now being used to raise money for literacy. His spirit lives on in that instrument!

One day, "Gay" was coming home, and encountered a long line of cars coming into Cornwall, and she said it was dozens of cars long. (This was when Dr. Walker was getting into his later years.) Eventually a cop came and pulled over the lead car, traveling at less than the speed limit. As Gay went by, she discovered it was her husband! Not characteristic of his usual speeding and wrecking a t-bird every year. I always wondered why he had a new car every year.

He liked his cigarettes and booze- had a closet in the dining room full of alcohol, and not the medicinal type, either, some given to him by patients. My brother, Wilmarth Bradford Walker III, when a baby, or toddler (I don't think I was born yet- story from my mom) somehow got into the little room, and discovered one of the gallons of whiskey in a wooden cradle with a bell at the

top. Each time you poured out a shot, the bell would ring. My parents kept hearing this "bell" and walked around until they saw a river of whiskey coming out of the closet, swung open the door, and there's little Brad just swinging the bottle back and forth, dumping whiskey all over the floor!

His cigarette ashes found their way into many wounds that he healed- antiseptic? Ultimately, the booze and tobacco ate away his insides.

They had the best back yard and barn to play in. I remember the weeping willows most of all. The yard was great for Frisbee, or any number of sports.

I acquired the banjo from Martha Pittman Walker, Granddaddy's mother (pretty sure). I played it in college, but now pretty warped, but still beautiful. I have Katie's father's cornet (Edward J. Hunt, from Winsted, CT), and my son was going to use that to start on trumpet in middle school- but was unplayable- so another display. It is gold-plated! Both my son and I became trumpet players. I went into fixing brasswinds because of this horn.

Dr. Walker also played the accordion, and there are pictures of him with it- I remember hearing him play that as well. Brad III has that instrument.

He was also into reciting poetry at the dinner table- If I can find the one about "baseball" I will send it along. Some others may remember. That dining room is nearly as big as my entire living space here in Jericho, VT.

Oddly enough, I ended up near where Aunt Shirley, Brad II's wife ("Uncle Bill"), is from. She is a Racine from Jericho, VT, and the family is still quite prevalent here, though I do not know any personally.

My father became a Forester, to the disappointment of Dr. Walker, but Dad climbed all the way to the top in Vermont's Dept. of Forestry, and Granddaddy eventually told him that he was proud of him. That took a lot. Uncle Tom, the second born, did become a prominent surgeon. Uncle Billy flew B-36 bombers for the USAF.

Dad came home from WWII, and Granddaddy bought a piece of land, about 45 acres on the East Shore of Cream Hill Pond, so dad could adjust back into society after being in the woods of Germany for five years. Dad built a camp, and when us kids came along, we had a great summer vacation spot. I spent the days in the water, either swimming or paddling the 1937 Old Town canoe, that I restored in 1978, and still have to this day. If it was raining, there were plenty of things to do in the cabin, like watch the mice race around the chimney! Granddaddy could only find himself there for moments at a time, before the phone rang, calling him to the hospital.

Another story is when [my wife] Cyndy was in N.C. at a spiritual event, met a lady who asked Cyndy's name, and when she replied "Cyndy Walker," the lady said- "O that will be easy to remember because the doctor who delivered me was a Walker." Cyndy asked if it was Dr. Brad Walker from Cornwall, and the lady was amazed that it was my grandfather. A year later, I accompanied Cyndy to the same event, and the same lady was there- so she pointed her out to

me, and I sneaked up on her and introduced myself, and waited for a response- took a second or two, then she realized who I was. She lived in Cornwall as a child and Dr. Walker was the family doctor until they moved away.

An additional connection happened in a conversation with the benefactor of the foundation in VT I work for, Mobility w/o Barriers, whose name is Tim Cowles. Tim lives in Putney, VT, and his twin brother started the foundation, but is unfortunately disabled with CP. Tim was talking about his days as a boy in Rumsey Hall. I only heard the Rumsey Hall part, and said- "you went to Marvelwood?" He said Yes, and I asked if he knew Dr. Walker. He said "Yes, he was the school doctor, and set my nose when I broke it on the playground," still not connecting the dots- and I told him that it was my grandfather. The world just keeps shrinking.